

## Nausea

Feel the blue sea: nausea.  
Know your body from stomach to mouth:  
pitch, pitch-rocking.  
This is the mouth i eat with, this is the mouth  
i kiss with, i suck with, i lap with,  
this is, this is the mouth the black bile flows through  
on the deck, on the chick beside me, on her new blue dress.

Here comes more, get ready!

Aah! do you like it? want some more?  
Up -- the rumble in my belly, shaking --  
crack, enzymes move to undulating of gastric walls --  
ignite, the goo globules and correlates to the  
music of back bending and head throwing  
and mouth, tongue -- get ready ... start,  
climb the esophageal walls -- again  
masses of edible shit convulsing and propells itself  
ever upwards ... it's dung, it's scum, it's ...  
the horn of plenty in watery form.  
Clear the path, watch out, i need room;  
(i have something to do.)  
Burp burp burp.  
Hark burp a burp foreboding sign burp!  
False alarm.

-- ronnie zimardi

## Passing Through

i have felt my limbs foreshorten.  
even though my youth is still upon me,  
a chill that bids the warmth recede.  
as my sight retains the beauty of me,  
something paradoxical beckons  
and something mystical says stay.  
in depths that were not meant for me  
to fathom blind or clearly see  
i spin my mind and body too  
trying to catch the ghost, to see  
meanwhile asking, who are you?  
fleet shadows cast, and bend in spirits eye  
there is the relentless image  
of my lifetime passing by.

-- Rai Saunders